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The Scholar of the Past and the Scholar of the Present.

AN

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

TO THE

Students of Trinity College.

BY SAMUEL ELIOT,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

Published by request of the Students.

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TRINITY COLLEGE,
39 Brownell Hall, October 9th, 1856. }

TO PROFESSOR ELIOT.

DEAR SIR:—The students of Trinity College having listened with much pleasure, and we trust profit, to the oration delivered by yourself in the chapel on last Tuesday evening, and desiring that greater publicity should be given to it, in order that those who had not an opportunity of hearing, may enjoy the perusal of the same, would respectfully request a copy for publication.

We are very truly yours,

W. WOODRUFF NILES,
EDWARD G. BUTLER,
WILLIAM HENRY BENJAMIN, } *Committee.*

TRINITY COLLEGE, October 10th, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—The substance of the address which I had the pleasure of reading to the students of Trinity College, was delivered by me, some time ago, upon another occasion. But its present form is one unused and unthought of, until suggested by the opportunity of speaking to you. I regard it, therefore, as wholly yours, whether published or unpublished; and if you desire its publication, it is at your service.

I am not insensible to the honor now done me, any more than I have been or am insensible to all the proofs of good will and confidence which I have received from the students, since I came among them.

Believe me to be

their and your

obliged and faithful friend,

Messrs W. W. NILES,

E. G. BUTLER,

WM. HENRY BENJAMIN.

SAMUEL ELIOT.

Educ. 8 Apr. '21 / Tude 1.00

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ADDRESS.

STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE :

WERE not the Chair which I have the honor to fill, a new one to the College, I might have hesitated at asking you to meet me in any other place than where we have already met. But on the establishment of a professorship, hitherto unorganized, though not wholly unoccupied, it seems to me a natural thing that we should come together, not merely for the recitation or the lecture, but to take counsel with one another, to recognize our common interests, to discern our common aims.

On one or two points, it may be well for me to explain myself at the outset. I must not, in the first place, seem to you to be speaking as if the professorship of History and Literature were the only one or the chief one in the Institution,—as if its occupant were especially entitled to address you. No one can be farther than I from thinking this to be the case. Nor must I appear to be substituting any words of mine

in place of the labors elsewhere begun by you. These labors, and these only, are the courses to be laid day by day, until the structure, whereon our hopes are set, rises firm and eminent. I do not even propose to spread out my own building plans. It is too soon, in such an enterprise, to mark out the position of every wall or the height of every tower; the ground must be more surely tested, the laborers—I speak of myself as well as you—more thoroughly tried, before we can presume to say how much or how little we can do; whether we shall raise a hamlet or a cathedral.

But there is one thing that we can determine; we could have determined it the first day we met. I mean the spirit in which we are to labor. It is of this that I wish to speak. I can do so without forestalling the result or interfering with the course of our common studies. I can do so without arrogating to myself or to my position one jot more influence than we deserve or than we possess. But whether I can do so in a manner to satisfy myself or you, is another question.

I need not say that it is a solemn subject. Above all labors, above all purposes of man, there lies a firmament, so to speak, of his own creation, of which his motives, if they be true, constitute the shining suns, or if they be false, make up the midnight clouds. Like all others of his race, the scholar walks in light or in darkness, according to the skies which he has made his own. With the right impulse, he follows a path upon which there will unquestionably be difficulties to meet,

disappointments to endure, perhaps but little, in a human point of view, to gain; yet, in the sharpest ascent, at the humblest bend, there is one thing that never fails him,—the radiance of the objects on which he has fixed his eyes. He, on the other hand, who has reached the most glittering distinctions of learning, and with the rarest reverses, may still dwell in an atmosphere black with his own perversions, his vision darker, perhaps, than that of the most unlearned, the most obscure. The success of a scholar is no criterion of his power, still less of his truth. We have to look behind the pageantry of learning in order to discover the reality.

I do not design to speak of the unreal. Unmasking a false prophet is never so inspiring as reverencing a true one. Yet there is something to lose in a monotonous reverence even of true men; their characteristics escape us, their best influences fail us, if we do not set them in their proper rank amid the host to which they belong. Time and varying circumstance make very different scholars of those whose powers may be equally great, of those whose ends may be equally lofty. Let us penetrate into these divisions. Let us turn our thoughts toward a few names, lustrous all, but lustrous in different degrees, and from the contemplation of their times, their aspirations and their achievements, derive some firm conviction as to the best models, the safest guides for ourselves.

The subject of my address may be called the Scholar of the Past and the Scholar of the Present.

The lineage of scholars begins far back in antiquity. From the remoter Orient, whose learning was all thickly veiled, along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, where the veils were lifted, if not removed, to Greece and the Occident, in which many of the fairer proportions of wisdom were disclosed, we trace the succession of seers, philosophers, and scholars. How much we owe to them need not be told. Nor is it worth while, on the other hand, to dwell upon the imperfections attending their pursuit or their transmission of truth. Their function was to sustain the exertions, and, at the same time, to demonstrate the infirmities of unaided, that is, comparatively unaided humanity.

The ancient ages drew to a close. Above almost every land in which scholars had appeared, there extended the giant dominion of Rome. The charge of reducing the broken nations around her was nearly fulfilled. That of subduing her own race by corruptions and conflicts, was in the process of execution. Amidst the shocks of arms at home and abroad, learning had found only feeble expression; amidst the hosts of warriors on native and foreign soil, scholars had found only precarious place. "Leave them their books," cried the Gothic invader of Greece at a later day, "and the hand accustomed to these things will never wield the soldier's arms!" So the Romans shrank from the

pursuits of peace as if in fear of unfitting themselves for the pursuits of war. But was the scourge of antiquity, the wolf-nurse of bloody conquerors and vindictive citizens, to produce no gentler offspring? Was there to be no Roman deserving the title and performing the duty of the scholar?

Our answer is the name of Cicero. Born near the beginning of the final century before our era, he came in time to test what the scholar of the ancient world could accomplish at the last, as well as what the scholar of Rome could do at the height of the Roman sway. To this he was more particularly adapted by belonging to a family neither the highest nor the lowest in rank, but of a position to represent the best class of his nation. The domestic influences under which his youth expanded, were equally propitious. Learning found no favor in the eyes of his grandfather, if we may judge from the saying ascribed to him, that "the more Greek"—that is, literature—"one knows, the more of a knave he is." But Cicero's father so clearly appreciated the advantages of education, as to leave his country-home for the sake of the scholarly pursuits to which he could introduce his children only in the metropolis.

There Cicero engaged in the studies of the day. Through courses of belles-lettres, rhetoric and law, he advanced to philosophy, then the crown of learning. To complete his preparations, he travelled to Athens and the Grecian schools, the sources from which Rome drew her literary supplies. Cicero's draughts were

long and deep. "I deplore the fortune of Greece," quoth one of the Greek teachers to the Roman student, "for you have taken from us all we had left—learning and eloquence." The effect upon the ruder Romans, when Cicero returned among them, was much less flattering, the epithets of Greek and Pedant being jeeringly applied to him, save by the few who could appreciate his attainments. He had mastered all the combinations of literature and of science; it remained for him to give his own nature utterance.

The world around him was full of jarring sounds. It moved by one law, and that the law of the State, with which conquest and dominion were more accordant than learning. To this supremacy every Roman bowed. From the first to the last hour of his life, he looked up to the State, to its honors, to its behests, as to his ruling principles, the objects of all his aspirations, the rewards of all his exertions.

To break this spell was not within the power of Cicero or of any other man; nor did he ever seek to break it. From the opening years of his manhood, he entered into public avocations, pleading before the tribunals, haranguing the assemblies, and administering the offices of the State. He rose to the loftiest honors, then met with the profoundest reverses; but to the very close, he was ready to enter the lists, if without hope of success, not without love of exertion. Nor was all this from mere ambition. He acted with a conscientious sense of the services which he owed to the State,

and in fulfilling which, he was discharging his duty not only to the State but to the Nation, not only to the government but to the people, of all alike a servant and a benefactor. Nor did his practice fall short of his theory. In his youth, he defended the victims of the wrongs which the State was tolerating; in his age, he upheld the virtues and the laws which the State was suffering to be overborne by its oppressors.

His superiority in public life arose from his superiority in private life. In this, the scholar appears more prominently, the searcher after truth, the employer of reason, of faith, of love, of anything rather than the lust and the violence then in vogue. Hear him as he reproves the injustice hitherto done to learning. "It has lain low," he says, "nor has it had its contributions from Roman literature; let it be lifted up and honored!" "For it is the mother of the arts," he declares, "it trains us to the worship of the gods, then to the law of men, then to greatness of mind." "And he," exclaims the enthusiastic scholar, "he who is strong in himself, who is neither cast down nor elated by anything external, he is wise, he is happy." Thus pleading for the elevation of the individual, Cicero betrayed the instincts of the scholar after a truer standard than that of the State. He was calling his countrymen to a new service, to that due to themselves and to their race. What the effect was on them, what he led them to think or to do, may not be easily discerned. But it is plain that he raised his own nature, that he rendered it more

and more sensitive to all humane and holy things. To do this was to uplift the character not only of the private, but of the public man. It was more, it was to exalt the character of the State, of Rome, of the ancient ages, in proving the opportunities which were allowed to the higher powers of the man and the scholar.

From all his loftier walks, however, Cicero returned to the ways of the time. Notwithstanding the tendencies that there might be to get free of the State, it did not loosen its hold. Even as a scholar, Cicero evinced the greatest zeal and the greatest success in those studies through which he could offer the most acceptable tribute to the dominion over him. In all his exertions as a poet and a historian, an orator and a philosopher, he kept his eyes upon the mistress enthroned in the Capitol. The charms of office, of authority, the insignia of the Consul, the laurels of the Emperor, were more alluring than the attractions or the honors of learning. He was never so contented with the shade or the retirement of study, as with the bustle and the glare of ambition; never so much the Scholar as the Statesman.

The State, as it had been in Rome, was itself passing away. Men of craft and of blood assailed it and enshrined themselves in its place. Its doom, however, was not assured by intrigue or by force alone. A peacefuller and a purer termination was preparing for the past, a peacefuller and a purer preparation for the future. In one of the distant provinces of Rome, the

Star arose over Bethlehem. Thenceforward the State, the system of man's device and of man's support, gave way gradually but continually before the Revelation and the Redemption which came from God.

Centuries elapse, and the middle ages are at their full. Dark as they are called, they possess a brightness which the ancient ages never knew. A light has been poured on all the relations and duties of man, and on none more copiously than on those of the scholar. The mere surface of learning may be less glittering than in former times; but its inner substance has been illumined as it never was of old. Had the scholar been able to attain to what was made known, could he have penetrated its deeper meaning, and elucidated its fuller inspiration, he would have come nearer to the ground on which he could stand secure. As it was, he seemed sometimes sinking, and only sometimes rising, upon the still agitated, still beclouded waves.

Foremost amongst the mediæval nations was France. Her kings had shone amidst the sovereigns, her nobles amidst the knights, her people amidst the toiling and sacrificing masses of the period. At the close of the eleventh century, a movement began, through which fresh blood was infused into the national veins. This was the rise of the Communes, or Municipalities, in which a certain amount of rights, not to say liberties, was secured to the citizens of the towns, hitherto the almost helpless instruments of their superiors. We can

conceive of the uprising of the oppressed, of their impulsive struggles, of the effect of their successes and their prospects upon the entire nation.

It was at this moment that a scholar was given to France in Abelard. Fortunate in the circumstances of his birth, watched over in his youth with more than common parental solicitude, he entered upon an early manhood of cultivation and of activity. The traditions of his house and the inclinations of his time alike tended to a life of chivalry; but they were brushed aside by the youthful scholar. "The more," he said, "I proceeded in my studies, the more did I cleave to them, and with such love as to abandon altogether the courts of Mars for the lap of Minerva." Such a devotion was sure to lead to noble issues.

The aspect of learning at the period was by no means attractive. Both the foreground and the background were filled up by logic and philosophy, the ministering attendants of the theology to which all studies were subservient. Abelard made his first appearance as a logician-errant, so to speak, travelling from place to place in quest of dialectical encounters with the masters of the art. Then taking up his abode at Paris, he plunged into philosophical enquiries and disputations, whence, after some interruptions, he emerged into the theological investigations which were occupying the best minds of the age. From these minds, Abelard's had as yet given no token of being distinguished, except perhaps by the ardent self-reliance

with which he dashed on from study to study, amazing his followers and confounding his adversaries. But this, too, was by no means unusual amongst the scholars of the age.

The influences under which they all came most nearly, were those of the School, a name, as is commonly known, which applies not to a particular institution, but to a general system of study, never before so boldly planned or so boldly prosecuted. It opened the way, as it were, into an enchanted land, where mysteries hitherto forbidden fell into the hand, and heights hitherto unattainable spread out beneath the feet. The more that was espied the more was dared, until nothing seemed too remote, nothing too solemn to be seized upon. Studies of every kind then pursued swelled to an extent out of all proportion to their strength of substance. The scholar himself dilated, like the smoke from the casket, until he assumed a superhuman form. It was but a form. In reality, he was full of human feebleness, distracted by portentous efforts and confounding thoughts, wandering, contending, changing, until he ran the risk of losing all in striving to possess all.

No career could be more congenial to the commoner elements in the character of Abelard. So far as he depended upon notoriety or adventure, so far he was completely satisfied with his position in the School. The throngs that flocked to his teachings, the still greater throngs that welcomed his writings, could scarcely have been collected by a leader in any other

cause. In no other would his own longing after excitement have been equally gratified. So adapted was he to the School, and the School to him, that he has often been represented as its founder; but this cannot be said of him in relation to the School, in its general sense, to the system of scholastic doctrine and scholastic discipline, inasmuch as this is of older date. It is a tradition, however, that corroborates the fact of his having been distinguished in the support and the development of the School.

Nor did he devote himself to the service without purposes of improving it and its followers by directing the ardor which it inspired toward nobler and securer objects than had as yet been pursued. "True learning," declared Abelard, "is the knowledge of God the Father; true scholars are those who love Christ." It was in harmony with all the higher elements of his nature that he should thus return to humility and to piety. At times there appears a weariness of the scholastic system. "I would not be a philosopher on condition of disputing with the Apostles," Abelard affirmed, "nor such a one as must be separated from Christ, for there is none other name under Heaven whereby I must be saved." It is true that this longing after better things may have been stimulated by conflicts with the ecclesiastical authorities, whose dominion he was accused of subverting by the extremes to which he carried the scholastic doctrines. But such a spirit as Abelard's does not yield to opposition so readily as to its own convic-

tions. At all events his professions were new to the School. Its character was elevated, its purposes were purified by the scholar.

It was not so easy, however, to persevere in a course so different from that of other men and of other scholars. To stand in their way, to bid them go thus far and no farther, was what Abelard must have done, in order to reach his ideal. Recall him with his fervor, his earnest enquiry, his impassioned sympathy, and you see a man who was made to join with, rather than be separated from the votaries of the School. He was the Scholar, but the Scholar merged in the Schoolman.

The days of the School were numbered. It had its part to do, it had its independence to communicate to generation after generation, until the crisis came, and the oppressions of the middle ages were thrown off from humanity; then, however, the School vanished, leaving a calmer and a safer arena for the scholar.

The Scholar of the Past is before you. You see the ends after which he has striven, you see the hindrances to his success, the oppressive influences of the State, the distracting impulses of the School. But are such as these to last? Is the scholar to be sunk in the statesman or the schoolman, or in any other character besides his own, or besides one higher than his own? We look back to clouded wastes in which the eye is confounded and the star lost. But there come intervals of brightness, and beyond them, as we look forward, we descry

the heavens unrolling themselves, ray after ray upon their face, light within light in their depth, while

“ Not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.”

The life of a scholar, not long since departed, will bring before us the Scholar of the Present. In turning to him, we turn to our mother country, once the land of our fathers, still the land of our brothers, of a nation “that,” as her scholar exclaims, “is like one of the chosen people of history appointed to do a great work for mankind.” All hail to thee, England! It is not one of our least obligations to thee, that thou hast given to learning and to humanity a scholar and a man like Thomas Arnold!

He was born a few years before the beginning of the present century, when old struggles were dying away in the effervescence of the new struggles arising to agitate Europe and the world. The modern ages had begun in strange commotions, upheavings of doctrine, convulsions of government, wild strivings after things tried and untried amongst mankind; and as they began so they continued. “I fear,” wrote Arnold, on attaining to manhood, “the approach of a greater struggle between good and evil than the world has yet seen, in which there may well happen the greatest trial to the faith of good men that can be imagined, if the greatest talent and ability are decidedly on the side of their adversaries,

and they will have nothing but faith and holiness to oppose to it." The age was waiting not merely for a champion, but for one of a new stamp, of a new strength. Was he to appear in a scholar?

Educated partly at home, partly at the public seminaries, Arnold enjoyed opportunities which he did not misuse.

"The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt and knew."

Beneath the dew of the dawn and the sunshine of the morning, he studied not only the books of the schools, but the deeds and the destinies of the times. Almost as soon as he was grown up, he took orders in the Church of England.

I speak not of this, nor of any single communion alone, but of the entire Church of Christ, when I say that it is the predominating power of the modern ages. Broken up as it is into opposing bodies, corrupted and enfeebled as many of these bodies must be, it still possesses, as a whole, the only authority at all approaching to universality. Its effect has long been evident. They who have denied it have been under its influences as plainly as they who have confessed it. It has aroused the wildest opposition, the noblest support. All humanity bears traces of the conflicts that have arisen, of the efforts that have glittered or gone out in darkness on

the contending sides, of the steady advances, even amid passion and strife, towards the day when men should unite and be at peace beneath the Church of Christ.

Arnold saw the obstacles by which the day was still postponed. He met them with a spirit all in earnest to do them away forever. "I groan," he ejaculated, "over the divisions of the Church—of Christ's Church, I mean—of all our evils, I think the greatest." As a member of the Anglican communion, Arnold stood where he could stretch out his hand on either side, to those of his own body who were encountering one another, and then to those of other bodies, everywhere defiant, everywhere warring. "I would join," he declared, "with all who love Christ and pray to Him." But how to persuade them to join him, the English Churchman? How to gather the erring and the conflicting into one communion of faith and of peace? "Make the Church," he answered, "a living Society. . . . Let it continually present us with impressions of the reality of Christ's salvation; and so act upon the habits of our life as insensibly as the air we breathe,—Christ's own body, instinct with His own spirit, His people, the temple of the Holy Ghost, His Holy Universal Church."

Thus restored, the Church was to be the bearer of the blessings for which mankind was waiting. To the scholar, especially, it would come preciously laden. His strifes would cease, his doubts would be at rest, a shield of peace would be before him, a heaven of trust would be above him. The tendencies which had been

felt to insubordination or to desertion, under the dominions of former times, would vanish. What the State of the Ancient Ages, what the School of the Middle Ages, could not be, that the Church of the Modern Ages would be, the source of an inspiration that never failed, the object of an allegiance that never faltered. These are vague assertions; yet we may trace the proofs of them in Arnold's career, in his strength and his serenity as a scholar.

His great study was theology. I do not mean that it was the source of his highest reputation or of his highest power; it resulted in no works to which the world bows in homage. But Arnold himself, I believe, would confess that from his theological studies he derived the larger proportion of his strength as a scholar. All intent upon the relations of theology to the present, esteeming it a science of life and of duty, rather than of antiquity or of doctrine, he studied the Scriptures in order to apply them to himself and to his fellow-beings. Not content, therefore, with the common limits of investigation and of exposition, he pressed on to the wider spaces in which knowledge and faith, theology and religion, blend into one.

Arnold addressed himself to a larger number as a historian. The love of history was an early passion. It was as broad as it was deep, embracing all periods with an appreciation of their mutual dependence and their common unity. It acknowledged as the central points of history the religious realities of man, of time, and of eternity. "My greatest desire," he wrote at the

outset of his historical labors, "would be in my History, by its high morals and general tone, to be of use to religion." No historian could conceive, no reader follow such a purpose without a quickening of devotion and of trust. The higher the object, however, the more vigorous were the efforts to attain to it. Arnold gave way to no superstitious lassitude; but bracing himself for the task, pursued his researches until he had found every detail essential to his design, which he then drew out in solemn care of its proportions and adornments as a whole. Nor did his exertions fail of acknowledgment. The last days of his life had no earthly mark upon them that was whiter in his eyes than the enthusiasm awakened by his presence at Oxford as the professor of Modern History. Young men and old, the budding and the maturing scholar, gathered around their teacher with a reverence which few men, however faithful, meet with on this side the grave.

Still more general, however, is the appreciation of Arnold as a teacher. He was in the very flush of manhood when he became the head of one of the chief schools of England. Year after year he held the ground, marshalling his three hundred pupils not only against their own weaknesses and ignorances, but against those of the world into which they were soon to enter. The first point with him, was the spiritual impression which he desired to make. "The business of a school-master," he was wont to say, "is the cure of

souls." Doubtless the idea of this work, as well as the power to execute it, arose in a great degree from his office in the Church, which allowed him to be the chaplain as well as the professor of the school. But there can be no question that he recognized and exercised the charge of a teacher as in itself a holy calling, by which hearts as well as minds can be reached and sustained. This involved no neglect of intellectual education. On the contrary, the same elevation that was perceptible in Arnold's appeal to the moral nature of his pupils, appeared in his treatment of their mental powers. The lesson that they had a work to do among men, was imperfect until they learned to seek and to employ the instruments by which their work was to be done. The aim of their teacher was to make them complete men, in whom the cause of truth would find able as well as devoted champions. He had his reward. He saw his pupils taking the places in which he would have them stand, upholding the good which he was supporting against the evil which he was opposing, and looking the while to him as to their teacher still, despite their years, their services, their honors. He saw others paying him virtually the same tribute, relying upon his guidance, rejoicing in his sympathy. But he did not see—what, indeed, could not be seen, while he lived—the strength imparted by his example to all who teach and all who learn in the same spirit that was in him.

Such were the chief efforts of the English scholar to

manifest and to establish the principles on which he thought the truth to depend. But the truth itself, the truth existing in and resting upon the Christian Church, was still the great hope in which he lived and labored. It was no easy life, no easy labor. Called by party names which he abhorred, distrusted and reviled by members of the English Church, as well as by those of other communions, Arnold found himself hotly opposed, while but coldly supported. "When the tide is setting strongly against us," he said, "we can scarcely expect to make progress; it is enough if we do not drift along with it." There was no relaxation of sinew, no fainting of heart. "The restoration of the Church," he asserted, "is indeed the best consummation of all our prayers and all our labors; it is not a dream, not a prospect to be seen only in the remotest distance; it is possible, it lies very near us; with God's blessing, it is in the power of this very generation to begin and make some progress in the work." The Scholar was the Churchman, the Christian, to the last.

Arnold is gone; and the Church of Christ remains divided and burdened. But every thought of charity, every deed of love, is helping on the elevation and the union of Christians. If the goal is not attained, it is not unattainable: the Promise has gone forth that "There shall be one Fold, one Shepherd." Amen.

The Scholar of the Present is before you. You see the objects for which he has contended, you see the

obstacles to his triumph, the bewildering divisions, the long continuing struggles by which he is surrounded. But he has reached a point where he can stand secure. He is no longer the Statesman or the Schoolman, but the Churchman,—in a more generous term, the Christian,—the only character that is above his own as a Scholar, the only one, therefore, to which his own should be subservient. Who doubts that he is in his true position at last? Or that, though perplexities may arise and adversaries gather against him, he is sure to advance, ever stronger in battle, ever nearer to victory?

In speaking thus of the Scholar of the Present, I make no reference to numbers of living scholars. The fact that they belong to our day and generation is not enough to make them Scholars of the Present, in our sense, that is, the scholars whom the age requires. Not such are the forms that gather but too thickly in the common ranks of learning. On one side droop the indolent and the neglectful, unconscious, perhaps incapable of the work before them. “I have not fitted myself,” said an English scholar, “for any conversation but with the dead.” To men like him, the living appeal in vain. On another side stand the proud and the illiberal, whose view of their charge is but too serious, investing them, as it often does, with overbearing claims to superiority. Here are the quarrelsome, imagining themselves the keenest sighted and the highest spirited of

all, yet wasting their powers, like the wondrous wise hero of the bramble bush, by leaps into untenable thickets. There are the still more mistaken band of those who, not content with human controversies, wrestle with mysteries Divine. No aspect of the scholar can be darker than that of him who in the same breath defies his own littleness and the majesty of his Creator. From such a strife, he will never emerge, like Jacob, at "the breaking of the day." Night settles, indeed, upon all these scholars. Sometimes pampering, sometimes goading their powers, always men of intellect, as they style themselves, trusting in their own faculties and their own purposes, they inspire no confidence, they meet no want, except amongst those as merely intellectual as themselves. To scholars of this class, I would not apply the name of Scholars of the Past, much less that of Scholars of the Present.

The Scholar of the Present is of better mould. It is he whose heart is wise, whose scientific and literary attainments are but the stepping stones to broader and higher places, where the spirit soars above the mind, raising it, however, in its own elevation. Such a scholar is the true man of intellect, because he is the true man of soul. A profound piety is his motive impulse, teaching him that his capacities are infinitely feeble and yet infinitely noble, far too noble to be neglected, far too feeble to be perfected. At the threshold of every study, he encounters shapes pointing upward, and more and more awful, as he advances, are the indications of

a Higher Presence than merely mortal knowledge. Learning, in its labors and its results, is to him a sacrifice too solemn to be interrupted by listlessness or by passion. Whatever may be his inquiries, he pursues them with as much peacefulness as zeal; whatever may be his convictions, he maintains them with as much generosity as determination. His is no wish to exalt himself at the expense of others, but to exalt them with him; he would keep himself wise, that they may be the wiser, pure, that they may be the purer. He becomes the teacher of his household, of his neighborhood, perhaps of his nation, it may be of his race; arousing them to the same desires which he has felt, imparting to them the same principles which he has matured, displaying to them the same prospects which he has descried. Amongst the schools of Italian art, was one called the *Incamminati*, or the Wayfarers. So, never staying his foot, nor allowing others to stay theirs in the way from what has been to what is to be, the Scholar of the Present fulfills his duty at once to the Past, the Present and the Future.

Is this conception exaggerated? I appeal to any heart ever devoutly opening itself to learning, if it has not been visited by solemn yearnings and beatific visions, nay, if it has not been endued with at least momentary power to regenerate and to bless. Or does such a conception of the scholar's mission seem a disheartening one? Does it appear to repel the laborers ready for the harvest by doubts of their ability to sow or to garner? Not every one, indeed, can fill the long

furrow with seed, not every one can pile the broad fields with shocks of ripened grain. But not a single hand is useless; that which cannot sow can weed, that which cannot reap can glean; all are needed to complete the work of growth and of gathering in.

Amidst the Arctic wastes, there lies, as we are told, an open sea. The icy barriers of the north, pierced by an undercurrent from southern oceans, fall away in yielding masses, until the penetrating waters lose their warmth, and rise to the surface, to pour back with iceberg and floe to the great deep in which they subside. So into the expanse of life, learning rolls with quickening power, breaking up all that is congealed and desolate, and then returning with its trophies to the centre of its existence. As it ends in no single outlet, so it issues from no single source, but gathering its strength from every stream, and then to each imparting in return a portion of its acquisitions, it covers the earth with tides of knowledge and of power. Were it limited to any one space, were its ever continuing, ever widening flow restricted to particular classes or particular interests, were any sincere coöperation rejected, any sincere sympathy disappointed, not only the breadth and the depth, but the majesty and the beneficence of learning would be lost.

Youth is no bar to entrance upon the cause. The scholar of maturer years is likely to have the largest knowledge, the strictest training. On none so much as on him, do the interests of learning depend for prudence

or for retrospection. But when hopefulness is needed, when vigor is required, we may be glad to trust to younger spirits,

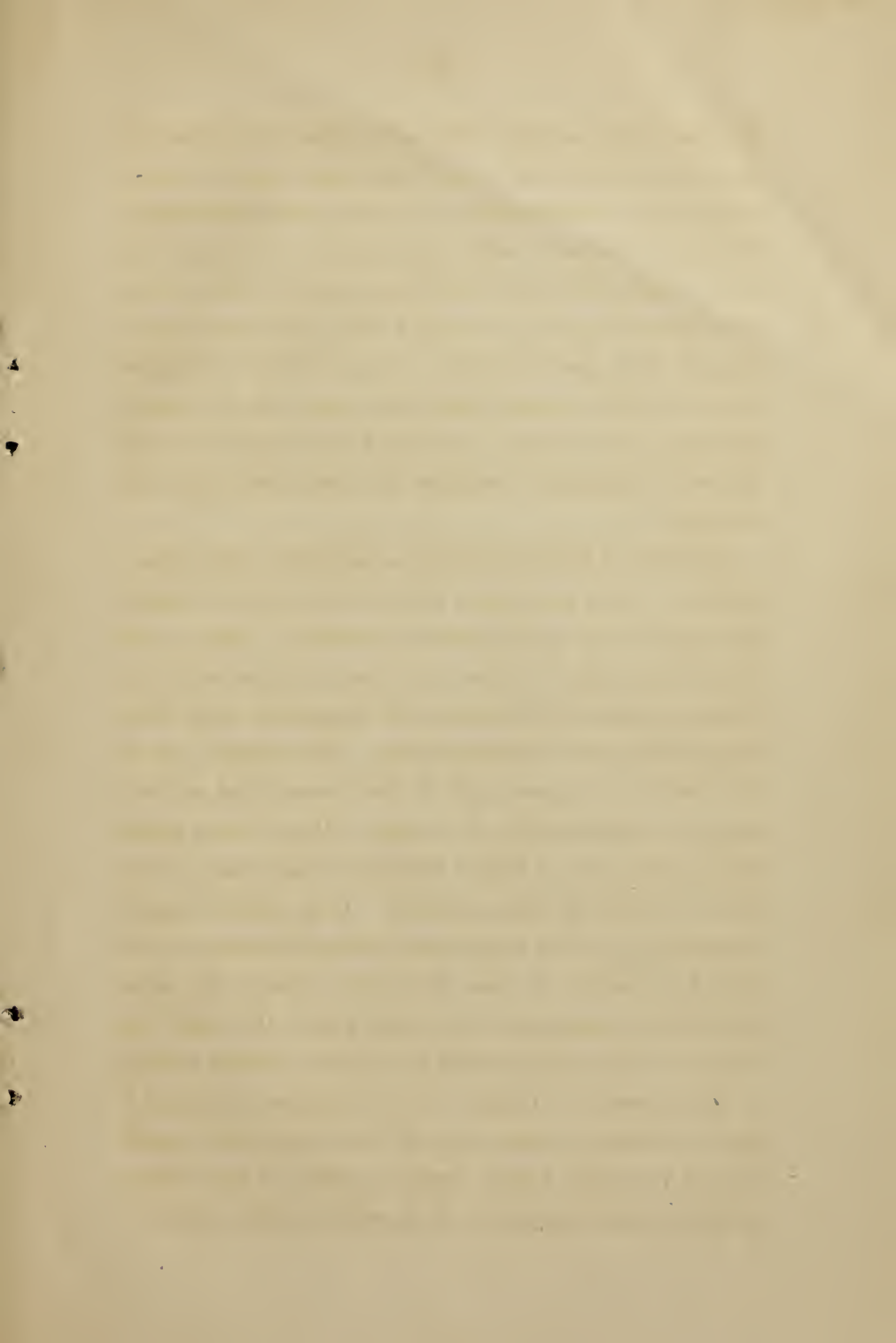
“And of our scholars . . . learn
Our own forgotten lore.”

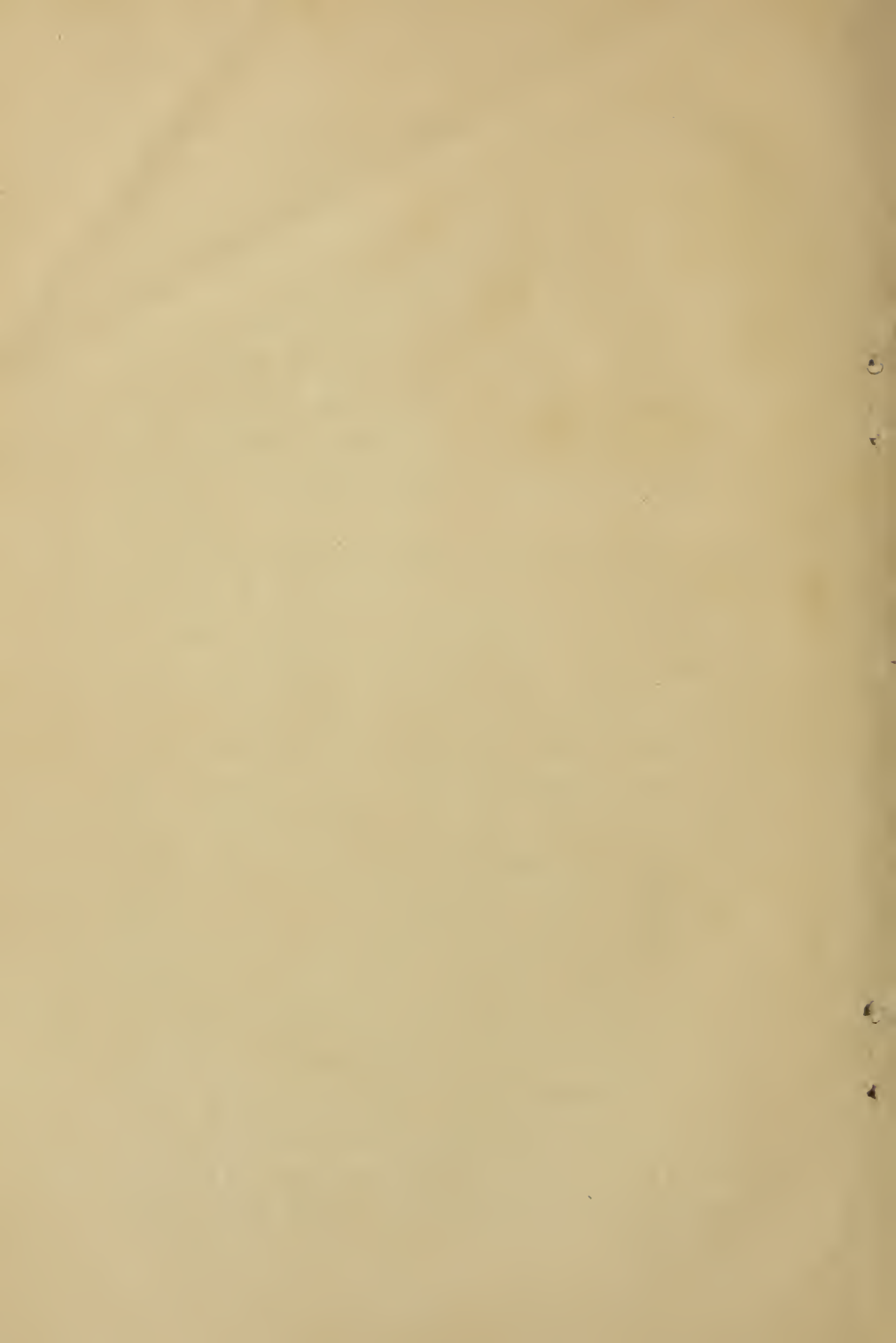
Charles Lamb's apostrophe to “the genius in a man's natural face that has not learned his multiplication table,” may be seriously applied to the countenance of the youthful scholar, so full of genius, because so full of nature. The union of the young and the old can alone achieve the scholar's march. It is for the young to throw forward the glances that give life to the array, while its security is assured by the backward looks of the old. The mountain-tops behind lost sight of, the way becomes uncertain; it is weary if the peaks before are not discerned. Enlist then, young men, in the cause which calls you, in the cause which depends on you.

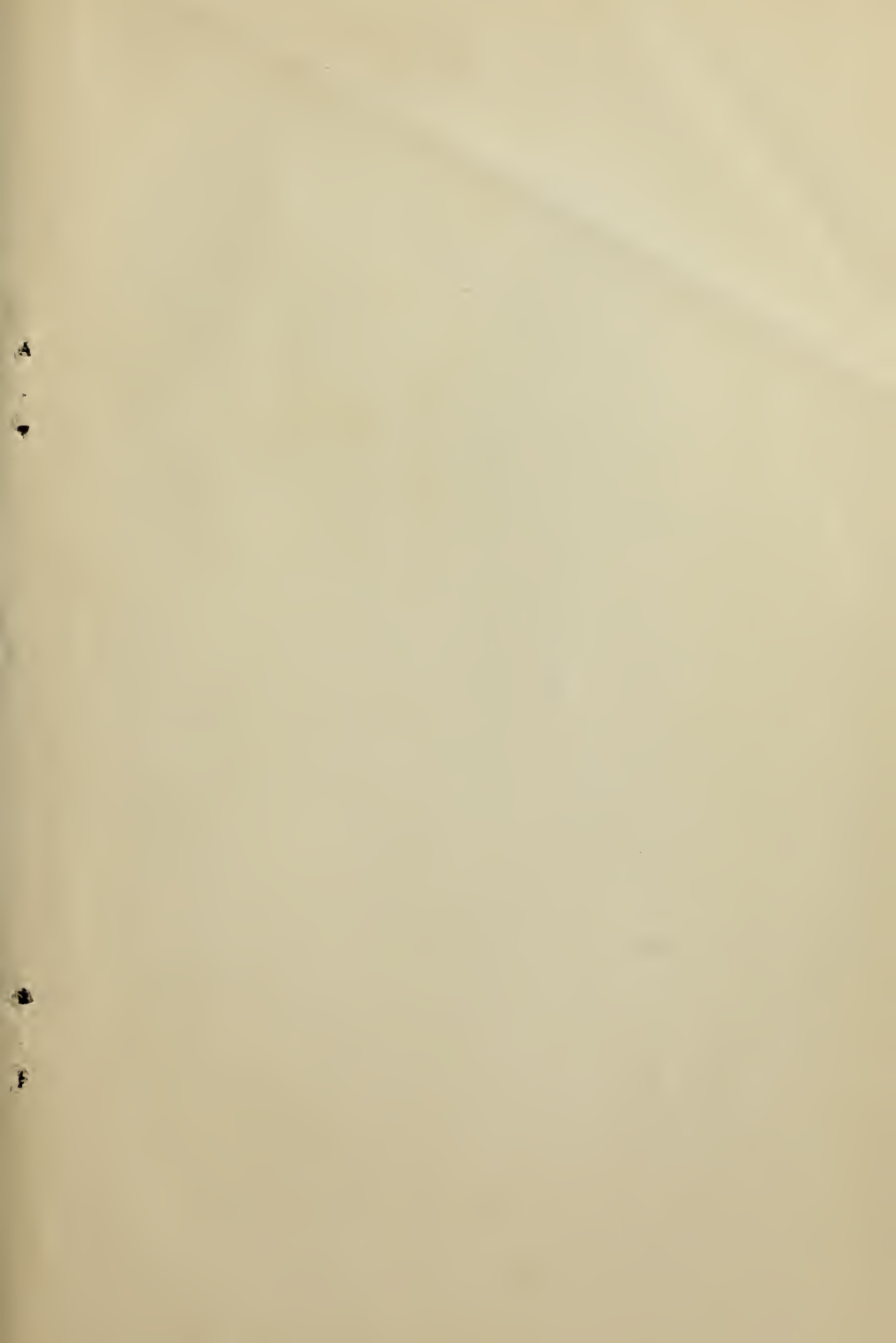
Nowhere could you find a surer gate through which to enter in, than that opened for the students of this college. It may not seem becoming in one of the collegiate body to say so, but I say it, not as a member so much as a stranger. What weighed the most with me when I was actually a stranger, what most attracted me to become a member of this institution, was the religious basis on which I beheld it reared. Deep-seated faith set these walls in the earth; it is still filling their space, aiding their growth, assuring their vitality and their endurance. Nor could I see before I came here,

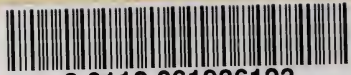
nor can I now see, the slightest tendency to exclusiveness or to illiberality; our doors stand open to every believer, not inviting him to be converted to our creed, but to be nurtured while remaining, if he will, in his own. Daily the prayer rises from these kneeling places that the college may be settled upon the firm foundations of faith and of charity. On what other foundations can the scholar labor, on what others repose? Springing from religion, education flows forth in all its fulness; returning to religion, it crowns itself with all its glory.

Students of Trinity College, be faithful to your opportunities. Lend your ardor now to the service to which you may devote your maturity hereafter. Shape your studies according to the true ideal, and you will find them crowned with beauty, with happiness, with blessings without and blessings within. Be scholars, not of the Past, for it is gone, but of the Present that is here, nay, of the Future that is to come. Hear Cicero again urging upon you a higher allegiance than that of the State to which he was restricted. Hear Abelard again demanding of you a nobler devotedness than that of the School in which he was involved. Above all, hear Arnold again and again exhorting you to the truth for which he lived and in which he died, the solemn reality of the Church of Christ. O ye departed, of whom I have ventured to make myself the interpreter, speak yourselves to the living, speak of what ye have done, speak of what they are to do as scholars and as men!









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